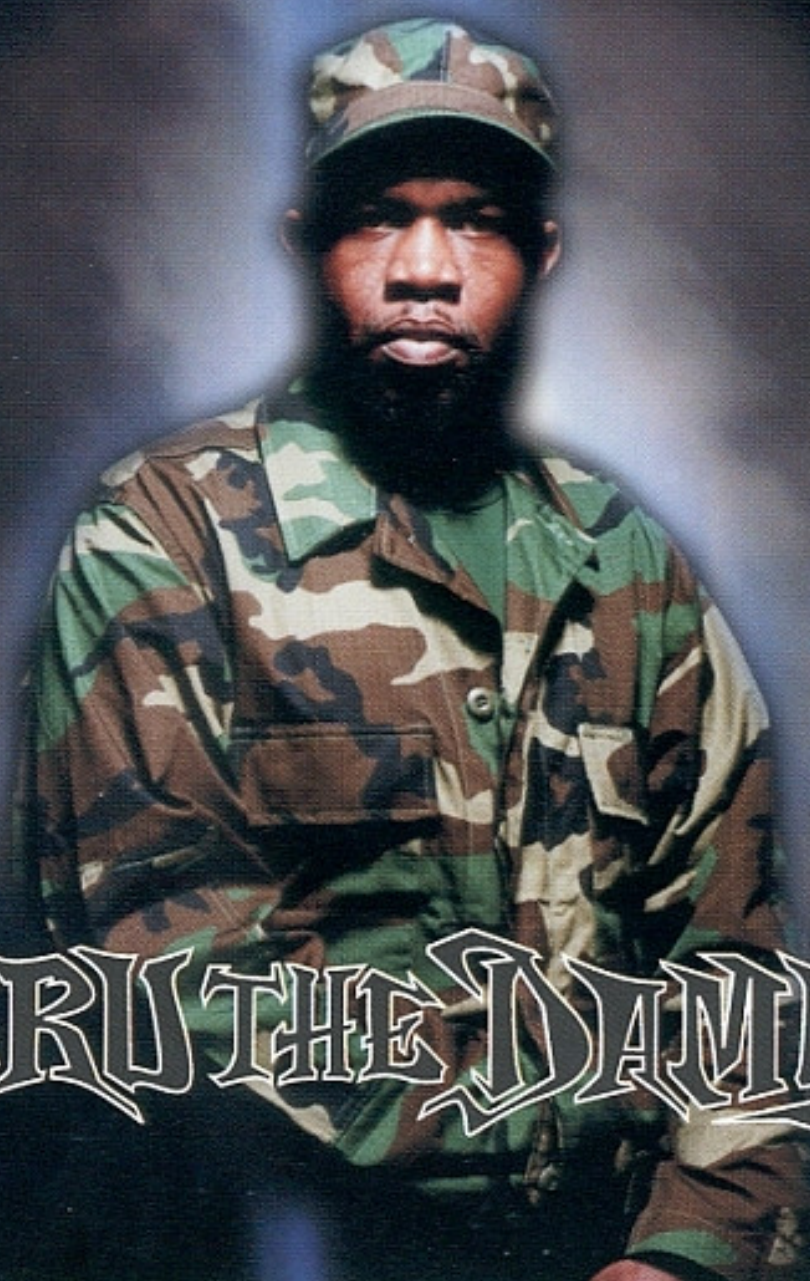


DIVINE

DESIGN



JERU THE DAMAJA

JERU THE DAMAJA – LOGICAL LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

i shine the father's light to liberate poor blacks
some people lying to themselves, i deal in actual facts
press too hard and you will get smacked, this is more than just talk
i procede to produce beats, knock your tooth loose
seeing is believing, dog, here's the proof
i chef this up in the lab and a makeshift sample
back up against the wall, and still fighting
when i thought it was no rhymes left to write, i kept writing
saw my brothers in south africa, they were inspiring
and if at first you don't succede, then keep trying
world tours, keep me counting my blessings
snakes in my circ-mference, help me learn from life lessons
had to -n-lyze the wire, just his greatest question
and even when you think a brother's down, i'm steadily pressing
keep banging out those studio session
and when they think they know my next move, i keep 'em quessing
it's only logical

-logical- – scratched up

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]

explosive verses blow ya mind like a terrorist
bust a verbal shot in the crowd, the pro activist
used to smoke that ganja but it left me listless
this is off the subject, but rhyme too hard, you just might break ya neck
don't know what's popping, dog, i'm still in effect
and the moves that i make, help me finance my own project
the road gets rough but i'm still climbing
and, even on the cloudiest days, i'm still shining
like coal one day he can become a precious diamond
the pressures of the world, refine the souls of some men
others let they being, become filled with hate
and they take it to the grave of the pen, my ball point right
trying to decipher the lies from the truth
everybody claim they got the proof
everybody claim they got the juice
everybody know the formula, but if you follow
will you win or lose? it's only logical

-logical- – scratched up

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]

the jewels i drop hit like dope in ya fiends
although it's dope, it's not the dope you smoke like crack cocaine
still my product can drive you insane
and on that same note, i flip the mic like drugs
the game's like fiends that cutthroat
knowledge wisdom understanding is the gun that i tote
when the waters get stormy i'm sure to stay afloat
is this brother for real, the answer is true indeed
i move a mountain with a mustard seed
you do the research, smack a sucka with the truth
because we know the truth hurts
and you can talk all you want, but you judge by ya words
not exploiting no freaks, but i'm constantly pimping
the system, making a k!lling like o.j. simpson
all that gangsta talking rap to me is quite comical
real recognize real, dog, it's only logical

JERU THE DAMAJA – TRUE SKILLZ LYRICS

[intro]

check it out x2
got jeru the damaja in the house
got my man sabor on the beat we're about to represent for the underground
letting you know how we m-ss murder mic some bash up boats
about put it down with true sk!!lz
letting y'all clowns what time it is and it goes like this

[verse 1]

into the original, ex-criminal
i used to flippin' -n-log but now i'm strictly digital
2003 movements are pivotal
split backs like atoms apply pressure till m-ss is critical
cast talkin' smacked i chopped him in two
get it, got it, spit it, hot sh-tted, forget about it
don't bolos, at amateurs and pros, p-ss time, converting holes
put 'em in seizing chokeholds before it
slipped my mind shout out to all my bros
you can encount them i tie-rip
don't know your fingers and toes, mad!!
flow it shows like swiftness in combos
murder mcs by the rules and props we got those, so
days that are we got robbed no through ocho
i was at the day that i f-ck sh-t up then they sink oh!
and the things changed but the weather you can ask arrow
'queur don't vent lightnings pulse him and her, you know my m.o

[hook]

true sk!!lz x2

[verse 2]

if i was cold hearted i'd have b-tches on a strip
even though i'm not pimpin' i shoot my game like a pimp
i go to war like scarface i get around like 2 pac
real gangstas don't talk about glocks, they bust shots
i got two things for these reeks that's a truth and a long c-ck
i'm the only rapper that you ever see in your block, i'm god
like old cyrus, the touch of king midas
if i beat shawty i'm beggin' just in case she got the variables

coz you can't trust a big-b-tt and a grin
think you mackin' but if you spent dawg that's trickin'
i never l!ck it even if it's finger l!ckin'
i've got more sold than color green so pokin' grease, fried chicken
you know it's stereo p-wn representin' brooklyn so dope wifey had to throw me in
we have like samuel jackson on the realer realer i'm just kiddin'
but when it's come to doin' my thing you know how i'm livin'

[bridge]

everybody wanna rock the mic but if you really wanna be a mc show your true sk!!lz x4

[verse 3]

hypnotic the hip-hop narcotic i keep it organic other mcs're robotic
fouls that add pauses display lack of logic
nutritions flows get life to the mic like amniotic
water cook sh-t up like a short-order, origami chef
i touched the mic and choke it to death
launching everyday it'll weak like hugh hef, ner
black super hero like the black panther
keep my rhymes shunt like states when i chase vampire
flip you through till' you blue in the face like big fat liar
years from now i just be getting higher
if you put it on your blast ain't no gas i set that -ss on fire
from brooklyn to east new york the rocket shows
there is something that i think you should know

[hook]

JERU THE DAMAJA – WAR LYRICS

[speech]

“we hold these truths to be self evident
that all men are created equal
and endowed by their creator
with certain inalienable rights
and when these rights are destroyed over long periods of time
it is your duutyy to destroy, demolish its venom”
(applause)

[verse 1: jeru]

war, my skllls is this spelled backwards
i perform for the white kids but do this for the black kids
to get this ill takes practice i’m takin’ over
the industry with ghetto verbal and tactics
hard times build muscle like lactic acid
some entertainers losin’ they minds
makin’ p-rns p-ssin’ on kids
the streets is ill save the theatrics
i still treat a b-tch like a b-tch
while y’all n-ggas is doin’ backflips
i can’t trip i guess it’s part of the game
like ja-rule bitin’ my name
like mj glowin’ up in flames
like chickens suckin’ d-ck for fame
as things change i remain the same
tryin’ to keep sane
while many strugglin’ to maintain
the stress of ghetto livin’ can bust ya brain
it seems the road is paved with less joy than pain
i wanna regress but i refrain
if i don’t i rage war
right here in the streets of new york
some talk the talk, but don’t walk the walk
like muslems at the corner store sellin’ pork
my little brother still outlined in chalk
they went from forties to the champagne court
videos and true lies makin’ all the birds squalk
little girls b-tt naked so the president’s stalk
my man say he was god holdin’ the devil’s pitchfork
that’s why i’m throwin’ rhymes like geronimo’s tomahawk

[verse 2: jeru]

war, many shout it but don’t wanna see it

i stay low and lay b00bytraps like the cong in viet..nam
loud talkin' and stares can't do me harm
know some n-ggas wanna stop it i'm still droppin' the bomb
sh-t is death like tennesauce ring the alarm (ring the alarm)
it's still a mystery to you like the 82nd psalm
some fight 'til the end some sell out like uncle tom
so much contempt others that's flow with they jelly like napalm
war, is more than hand to hand and firearms
it's only won when the mind is calm
so i study sun-tzu and stopped smokin' chron'
in my left hand riches, long life in my right palm

[fragment of a movie]

JERU THE DAMAJA – RASTA POWERS LYRICS

[verse 1]

knowledge i drop it
try hard you can't stop it
"who you is?"
rasta powers
i run with the prophet
super solar strength plus high intelligence
i dedicate my life to hunting down ignorance
i'll never call him mister
kidnapped his b-tch sisters
seduction and l-st
force fed 'em jewels now they roll with us
ashes to ashes and dust to dust
i won't stop until this devil evil empire is crushed
rich men i annihilate 'em
and escape with no abrasions
i did not kneel but could not steel to temptation
so now i'm hated by the family
took the head of his brother pain and toruted his cousin agony
k!lled his wife spite and burnt up his baby
their demise was a thrill
each k!ll got more fun to me
i know tha prophet thinks i'm going crazy
live by it die by it
can't a d-mn thing stop me
i'm rasta powers

[chorus]

can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman

[verse 2]

i k!ll the lowman on the totem pole up to the high commander
i fight for truth and right
and could care less about a bystander
old ladies and babies get hit in cross fire
like when i gunned down desire
and [?] the empire
she said she heard i was a gun for hire
i didn't know her
so i checked her for weapons and wires
something's wrong

still i let her go on
she said she wanted someone gone
ignorance and he's down at hoyt and schermerh-rn
in tha building by tha train station
my 7th sense went buckwild when i heard the location
she hasn't noticed i had come to the realization
it was a setup
so i pulled out my joint and shot the b-tch up
i'm rasta powers

[chorus]

can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman

[verse 3]

ignorance is cunnin'
but i'm constantly gunnin'
wielding my blades into a fate
and cuttin' down his evil minions
-ss-sinate the captains of his legions
i was once overwhelmed despair and depression
they thought they had a n-gga
said i'd die by decapitation
let off sonic, electromagnetic, radiation, vibration, smokescreen
no more rasta powers
breakout regroup their dead in 24 hours
their demise was a thrill to me
every shot every k!!! became more fun to me
i know tha prophet thinks i'm going crazy
live by it die by it
can't a d-mn thing stop me
i'm rasta powers

[chorus]

can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman

JERU THE DAMAJA – QUEENS LYRICS

[verse 1 – jeru the damaja]

shinin' star but not a movie actress
mind refined, skintone many shades of blackness
and every man wanna have this, because she's the baddest
and her booty it got the fatness
many come with excess baggage from broken homes
to heal her dome i wrote these poems
and most love to talk on the phone
the real ones they either love you or they leave you alone
act childish even though they fullgrown
some jump badge you gotta be like: shorty watch ya tone
causin' commotion cause the species deal with emotion
no matter how dope they are they put you through the motion
some move real fast and others in slow motion
the ones that's upset they have they granny fix some love potion
some love flowers most smell like baby lotion
some so ill they have a player talkin' love and devotion
the ones that been done wrong watch how you approach 'em
and save those phoney lines they can tell if you genuine
no matter how un-coachable i can coach you
i need to form my team...my black queen

[hook – jeru][2x]

"the-the-the-the queens" (3x)
not "the b-tches"

[verse 2 – jeru the damaja]

mother of mankind body a shrine black sunshine
god's most exquisit design wish they all were mine
the way she walk get me caught up everytime
d-mn honey mad fine on some sade sh-t is it a crime
the way she shake doubletape makes you break ya neck
women little or nothing talkin' about she want respect
you gettin' weak she eat you up and gingerly step
but if it's tight then you just might get her in check
but come correct and don't have the wrong one have ya baby
ask her how many n-ggas she want she'll probably say three
some love to love you some love to spend money
i'm crazy tight with my loot but she can get all my honey
my man doin' life behind ears and that ain't funny
and the sky is the limit if they find themselves a dummy
most like exquisit gear but they crib look mad bummy
believe in t.v. with no concept of reality..my black queen

[hook][2x]

[verse 3 – jeru the damaja]

ancient universal symbol of fertility, black soil
wicked royal and loyal her skin mask moves from baby oil
she makes my temper boil i'm bound of her duty
whether she got a real fat, or real flat booty
due love the now man woman and child she makes me smile
all those show her conference try to copy her style
mothers watch my sisters and nieces
as i grow older my respect for her increases
if she a ho i scoop up and teach her like jesus
my existence without her is meaningless
my goal is more than to get her undressed
i mentally caress this goddess, picturesque the nubian princess
see i once called her a b-tch but she is a empress
and i can't live without her this i must confess
and thought sometimes she fills my life with stress
nevertheless i love her to death...my black queen

[hook][2x]

JERU THE DAMAJA – WHATYAGONNADO LYRICS

[verse 1]

3 in the morning, you hop on the train
3 brooklyn fiends is scheming on your chain
mad blunts and l!cks to the head, you red[?]
better sober up quick or you might get dead
there's no one around so ain't no reason to scream out
here's your chance to be a gangsta n-gga, back that thing out
the next move you make will decide your fate
will it be die on the train or live life behind the gate
you framing[?] minor[?] [??], you contemplate prison rape
your heart skip a beat and you select upstate
it's on, you get a lump in your throat, n-ggas weapons are drawn
you so shook, you shoot straight through your coat
2 down, 1 boogie[?] but before you gone
the train stops and one of new york city's finest jumps on

[hook]

"whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da police, shoots]

[verse 2]

2:30 in the morning on a friday night
it's one of those types of nights that everything's goin right
in a club, fishing for b-tches, anything tryin to bite
then the one that you want gets caught in your sight
face – picture perfect, big t-tties and fat -ss
she's asked if she wanna drink and she kindly p-ss
her response let you know she's not the average stunt
she asks "do you got a dutch", you say "yeah", she roll a blunt
weed[?] and conversation good, you fill the evening with laughter
then shorty like: "yo, whatchu doing after"
she continues what she's doing is outta character
but, she live's alone and she wants you to smash her
you bug, you can't believe that she tryin to f-ck
you like: "let's bounce", then you think "lady luck"
you exit the club, hop up in your truck
but when you get to brooklyn east new york, you get stuck up

[hook]

"whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da stick up]

[verse 3]

1 a.m. – you in the studio, dropping verses about how you flip kilos
get paper commit murder and pimp on hoes

crazy ice around your neck with the thugged out flows
but it sounds like game to the street wise pro's
cause you be blabbing the [??] that you don't even know
straight pillow talking, i hope you walk the walk
and be doing all the sh-t that's blasting out of shortie's walkman
the last verse is laid, your men is like [??] dope fiend
all of a sudden the sound [??] wide open
3 n-ggas come in, screaming "where the cash"
and you know the sh-t is real cause they ain't rocking masks
they rocking big -ss canons dawg, you better think fast
do you run what's yours or go for yours and blaaast..

[hook]

"whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da stick up]

JERU THE DAMAJA – DIVINE DESIGN LYRICS

[intro]

you know, sometimes in life
we try our best
but no matter how hard we try
things still go wrong
but don't be discouraged
if it's meant to happen, it's gonna happen
it's of a higher order, a higher design
a divine design

[verse 1]

divine design, design's the rhyme
my brother standin' on the corner, straight stranded in time
'cause favorite mc's makin' records that perpetuate crime
babies, is havin' babies, stick+up kids is goin' crazy
stray dogs is in the street, watch that one he got the rabies
had to knock this n+gga out because he tried to play me
no phone in my home, dog, what the f+ck you lookin' at?
sha came home from prison, and quickly relapsed
black+on+black's got that n+gga for his chain on the train
the shots, wasn't fatal but they damaged his brain
cocaine, numb the pain like nova
i'ma do him for his id and now it's all over
champagne wishes, on a four+leaf clover
livin' up, in the hood and pushin' a range rover
shorty bootylicious but you pay for her affection
pimpin' told her this would get her up out of the 8 section
nana in church, celebratin' christ's resurrection
poogie shot too much dope, he got that hiv infection
cops serve and protect them, for us there's no protection
guns and drugs and unnatural selection
[? 1:10] brothers think it's still all good
i guess they just caught up in the hood...

[hook]

where you at?
has crossed my mind
where you at?
has crossed my mind

[verse 2]

divine design protects the blind
the twin towers fallin' down, another sign of the times
the masses embracin' ideas that confine the mind

little girls think they grown ladies, what have you done for me lately?
alcoholics in the street, watch that one i think he crazy
had to bust off my gun 'cause shorty tried to blaze me
little kids on my block whylin' out, because they lack the fact
rae got 5 to 10 for sellin' dt crack
the dopeman stacks, don't hate the player, hate the game
feds harass drug dealers while terrorists hijack planes
maintain, hard times is almost over
the summer heat make the streets explode like supernovas
battle scars, tattoo street soldiers
the pen make, heathen men seek allah or jehovah
son's mad thugged out, prime candidate for correction
leave mc's with no dad, he rocks no hats when he's s+xin'
when he get that life term, somebody test him
solitary, confinement + it's too late for reflection
cops serve and protect them, for us there's no protection
guns and drugs and unnatural selection
[? 2:15] brothers think it's still all good
i guess they just caught up in the hood...

[hook]

where you at?
has crossed my mind
where you at?
has crossed my mind

[verse 3]

divine design ensures that i'll shine
the truth + a double+edged sword that can sever your spine
my mental spray like a mac before i clap like a nine
the young black man's angry, ain't no if, ands, or maybes
85's in the street, runnin' round in mental slavery
got beef wit the beast, he always tryna lace me
po+po all up in the hood like a gang, what the f+ck is that?
so+called crooks, get shot in they back
fake n+ggas react, but make they moves just for fame
from activist, to poli+tician
hu+mane, the tongue they speak when sober
power+drunk, they wicked like the last day in october
snakes in the grass, here comes the lawn mower
pork chops, crack and p+ss, what a terrible odor
john taliban got the complexion for the connection
where i come from youth grow up day to day with no direction
cops serve and protect them, for us there's no protection
guns and drugs and unnatural selection

[? 3:15] brothers think it's still all good
i guess they just caught up in the hood...
+instrumental plays until fade+